

The Weekly Museum.

VOL. VI.]

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1793.

[NUMBER 270.]

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AUGUSTE and MADELAINE.

A Real History.

[Continued.]

THE next morning he felt that common civility required he should pay the old officer a visit, and learn how he had passed the night. It happened that Madeline had the very same idea. "Surely," thought she, "It will be very strange if this young man, who was so kind, so careful of my father, and who made me take some hartshorn drops, should not call and enquire after us." This idea had come across her mind several times; and she was meditating upon it at her father's bedside when Auguste was announced.

The old officer who had the finished politeness of his country and his profession, received him in the most courteous manner; and though he spoke with some difficulty, yet he was profuse in acknowledgments for the service Auguste had rendered him. Madeline's thanks were few and simply expressed; but the tone in which they were uttered was such that Auguste still felt he could have sacrificed his life to deserve them.

The old officer still continued sick, and therefore Auguste still considered it as an indispensable mark of attention to go every day, and learn the state of his health. He also began to feel that these visits became every day more necessary to his own happiness. That happiness was indeed embittered by many painful reflections. He well knew that to obtain his father the Count de —'s consent to marry Madeline, was as impossible as it was for himself to conquer the passion she had inspired. Auguste, while he was convinced of the impossibility of obtaining his father's consent to his marriage, did not pay Madeline one visit the less from that consideration; and when the usual hour of his visit arrived, he often suddenly broke a chain of admirable reasoning on the imprudence of his passion, in order to haste to the dwelling of her he loved. In a short time he ceased all kind of reasoning on the subject, and abandoned his heart without reserve to the most violent and unconquerable passion.

Auguste made a declaration to the old officer of the sentiment which his daughter had inspired. The old gentleman mentioned it to Madeline, and she only answered by tears, of which he perfectly understood the meaning. When Auguste explained his situation with respect to his father, the officer desired him to think of his daughter no more. Auguste felt that he might as well have desired him to cease to breathe. He continued his visits, and the officer was soon reduced to that state of languor and debility which left him neither the power nor the wish to forbid them. His complaints increased every day, and were attended with alarming symptoms. The season for the waters of Barèges was now past, and all the company left the place, except the old officer, who was too weak to be removed, and Auguste, who, while Madeline remained had no power to tear himself from the spot. In a few weeks the old officer felt that his dying hour was near. Auguste knelt with Madeline at his bed side—her voice was suffocated by tears; and Auguste had scarcely power to

articulate in broken accents that he would devote his life to the happiness of Madeline. The old officer fixed his eyes with a look of tender anxiety on his daughter, and soon after expired. Madeline mourned for her father with uncontrolled affliction, nor could all the attentions of her lover dispel that anguish with which her affectionate heart lamented the loss of her parent.

The winter being far advanced, she proposed to defer her journey to the distant province where she and her father had lived, until spring, and to place herself in the mean time in a convent not far from Barèges. Auguste exerted all the eloquence of love to induce her to consent immediately to a private marriage. She hesitated at this proposal; and while they were conversing together on the subject, the door of the room in which they were sitting was suddenly thrown open, and Auguste saw his father the Count de — enter. He had heard of the attachment which detained his son at Barèges, and had hastened to tear him from the spot before it was too late. He upbraided his son with great bitterness, and began also to upbraid Madeline: but there was something in her looks, her silence and her tears, which stifled the terms of haughty reproach in which he was prepared to address her; and ordering his son to leave the room, he desired to speak to her alone. After explaining to her the absolute impossibility of her being ever united to his son, and his determination to disinherit him, and leave his whole fortune to his second son, if Auguste should persist in his attachment to her—after endeavoring to awaken her pride and her generosity, he desired to know where she proposed going. She told him her intention of placing herself immediately in the convent of —. He approved of this design, and left her to go to his son. No sooner was the door of the room shut, than Madeline gave free vent to those tears which she had scarcely been able to restrain while the Count was speaking. She had never felt so sensibly her orphan condition as at this moment; and the dear remembrance of her fond father was mingled with the agony of disappointed love.

Meantime the Count de — declared to his son, that his only chance of ever obtaining his mistress depended on his absolute unconditional submission to his commands, and that he must instantly attend him to Paris. Auguste eagerly enquired what was to become of Madeline; and his father told him that she had determined to take refuge in the convent of —. Auguste absolutely refused to depart till he was allowed an interview with Madeline. The Count was obliged to consent; but before he suffered them to meet, he obtained a promise from Madeline not to mention to her lover any particulars of the conversation which had passed between her and the Count.

Auguste, in this last interview with Madeline, atoned for the cruel disdain of his father, by the most solemn and passionate assurances of fidelity, not to be shaken by time or circumstance; and then after attempting to leave the room several times, and returning as often, he at length tore himself away. Madeline, when she saw him de-

part felt that every earthly hope had vanished with him.

She set out early the next morning for the convent of —; but not till she had sat for some time weeping in the chair which Auguste used to occupy.

Madeline passed the remaining part of the winter in the convent of —, during which period she received frequent letters from Auguste; and when spring arrived he conjured her, instead of removing to her own province, to remain a little longer in her present situation; and flattered her with hopes of being able ere long to fulfil those engagements upon which all his happiness depended.

In the summer of this year an event took place which will render that summer forever memorable. The French Nation, too enlightened to bear any longer those monstrous oppressions which ignorance of its just rights alone had tolerated, shook off its fetters, and the Revolution was accomplished.

Madeline was a firm friend to the Revolution, which she was told had made every Frenchman free. "And if every Frenchman is free," thought Madeline, "surely every Frenchman may marry the woman he loves." It appeared to Madeline, that, putting all considerations, points upon which she had not much meditated, out of the question, obtaining liberty of choice in marriage, was alone well worth the trouble of a Revolution; and she was as warm a patriot from this single idea, as if she had studied the Declaration of Rights made by the Constituent Assembly, in all its extent and consequences.

The Count de —, who was informed of the correspondence between the two lovers, and who saw little hopes of his son's subduing a passion which this intercourse of letters served to cherish, contrived means to have Auguste's letters intercepted at the convent. In vain she counted the hours till the return of the post-days. Post after post arrived, and brought no tidings of Auguste. Three months passed in the cruel tortments of anxiety and suspense, and were at length succeeded by despair. Madeline believed she was forgotten—forgotten by Auguste!—She consulted her own heart, and it seemed to her impossible: Yet, after a silence of three months, she could doubt no longer.

Poor Madeline now recollected with anguish, instead of pleasure, that all Frenchmen were free. She would have found some sad consolation in believing that all Frenchmen were slaves. It would have been some alleviation of her sorrows if Auguste had been forced to abandon her; and she fancied she could have borne to lose him, if she had been sure that he still loved her—it was losing him by his own fault that filled her heart with pangs almost insupportable.

The little pittance which Madeline, after paying her father's debts, had left for her own support, was insufficient to defray her expences as a boarder in the convent. She had already, by her sweetness and gentleness, gained the affection of some of the nuns, to whom she was also attached, and who incessantly conjured her to take the veil.

"And why," she sometimes exclaimed, "why should I hesitate any longer in so doing? Since Auguste is lost, what have I to regret in renouncing the world? What sacrifice do I make; what happiness do I resign?"

[To be concluded in our next.]

The MEDLEY.

ANECDOTE.

A Lady of distinction in Scotland, the Countess of Eglington, and one of the greatest beauties in that part of the kingdom, incurred the displeasure of the Earl her husband, for no other cause than that of having brought him seven daughters, and no son. His lordship even assured her, that he was determined to sue for a divorce. The lady replied, that he should not be under the necessity to do that, for she would readily agree to a separation, provided he would give her back what he had with her. He, supposing she meant only pecuniary affairs, assured her, she should have her fortune to the last penny. Na, na, my lord, says she, that wonna do; return me my youth, my beauty, and my virginity, and dismiss me as soon as ye please. His lordship being unable to comply with this demand, spoke no more of parting with his lady; and before the year expired, she was delivered of a son, who established the content of his parents, and their affection for each other.

EPIGRAM.

OF Generals don't tell me, of York, and such boys;
Nor of Howe—tho' I mean not their laurels to taint;
The General I'm sure that will make the most noise,
If the war should go on—is General Complaint.
[Lond. Paper.]

MAXIMS for the LADIES.

HANDSOME Women, when intoxicated with the fumes of adulation, often render themselves ridiculous by a thousand indiscretions, even into the eyes of their admirers.

Coquettes and prudes are both ridiculous; the former, however, are preferable to the latter, for the same reason that a frank disposition is more engaging than one that is reserved and unsociable.

By a COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, who has the double misfortune of living in the neighborhood of some iron mills, and of having a WIFE, whose LATIN is rather too loud.

MILLS, thunders, hammers, lay your noise aside,
Your notes are whispers to my tuneful bride;
She drowns the noise of mill, of thunder, hammer,
I wish that she would drown herself, — d — her.



FOR SALE,

The Sloop LYDIA, burthen thirty six tons, lying at Peck-slip. Enquire of the Printer.

The FAIR REFORMER.

A FRAGMENT.

***** HOW unhappy are the fair, who, from mistaken notions of happiness, seek the alluring paths of pleasure! Deluded indeed!—Here a sigh burst from her bosom, at the recollection of past folly—and a tear fell from its orb, and rested on the cheek of the fair Euphrosyne. Cease, said she, the dew drops of con-

trition, what avail they now? Are not the years of dissipation fled like the sun beams of the morning, without one reflecting moment? they sported till my fortune was exhausted—and friends with fortune fled,

"For what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep!"

I must now find some solitude, and perhaps close the evening of my life in the lap of penury: But stop, methinks some kind power bids me not despair: though I have deviated from prudence, I never have from virtue. Notwithstanding this reverse of fortune I may yet be happy; the rectitude of my heart shall be my consolation: Here she paused—Yes! it must be so. To-morrow, at Aurora's dawn, when the feathered songsters are chanting forth hymns of gratitude to the Supreme Author of the universe. I will commit myself to his care, and quit this town forever, and endeavour to blot out the remembrance of the part I have acted in it. The ruddy fingers of the morn had just unbarred the gates of light, when Euphrosyne bade adieu to the place of her birth.

The melody of the birds, the softness of the air, the universal stillness, that reigned around, spread a serenity over her mind, and calmed all her sorrows. She stopped to take a survey of the surrounding landscape. How happy, exclaimed she, are the inhabitants of yon lowly cottage, now enjoying the sweets of balmy slumbers. This is a felicity the virtuous only know! Sleep on ye children of innocence, and may your repose be uninterrupted! She finished her ejaculation with a sigh, and walked slowly forward, till she arrived at a little village, where she enquired her way to the next; and with the small remains of her fortune purchased a cottage. The lofty elm overshadowed her dwelling, and the lowly evergreen crept around her door. Here the once gay Euphrosyne, that lately shone in all the circles of the beau-monde, was obscured as in the shadowy vale; but in the vale, she was convinced that happiness does not dwell on the summit of grandeur.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO LYCIDAS.

FLATTERER, wouldst thou my vanity persuade,
That th' harmonious magic of thy strain,
Which holds the listner's soul in rapture's chain,
Has borrowed aught from Julia's feeble song.
Thy Heav'n illumin'd genius asks no aid,
But soars all bright the changeful year along,
Whether the spring of sportive zephyr born,
Or jocund summer crown'd with flow'ry wreaths,
Whose vivid buds the soul of fragrance breathes,
Thy muse invites, or when her golden horn
Bland Autumn fills, alike thy numbers shine,
For taste and fancy Lycidas are thine.

Dost thou describe dread winters reign,
Shrill screams the Hern across the plain,
Fast falls, in fleecy pomp, the snows,
While hoarse and loud the North wind blows.
Above our heads the morbid tempest low'rs,
The frightened moon denies her silver light,
Dark, and more dark, now closes in the night,
And the big clouds dissolve in heavy show'rs.
Heaven's sapphire vault (where in their shining spheres,

All beauteous move th' days, the months and years)
More glorious seems, when from thy sounding lyre
The cherub's music and the seraph's fire
Points to my dark and uninstructed eyes,
Where unknown worlds in shining order rise.

What art thou, say, spirit of air or earth?
For mortal never breath'd such notes divine;
Ah! no, this matchless melody of thine,
Declares that thou art of celestial birth.
But be thou Sylph that wing'st the rosy air,
Or Genii that in coral fretted cell,
Charm'st from their haunts, the Sea-Nymphs with thy shell,

Propitious bend to Julia's ardent prayer,
O let me see thee, dipp'd in Iris hues,
In mazy ringlets of resplendent gold,
Thy tresses down thy back luxuriant roll'd
Thy purple pinions dropping fragrant dews.

For oft at eve, when pensively reclin'd,
My damp locks scatter'd in the sighing wind,
When listening to the waves unceasing roar,
Or sadly musing o'er my wayward fate,
A form like this, that never bent the grass,
Soft smiling like the Angel peace would pass,
Low trembling o'er the flood, anon I'd hear,
In many a solemn swell brought to mine ear
Such notes, that all forgetful of my state,
My tortur'd bosom felt its griefs no more.

The strains were thine, full well their pow'r I know,

Compos'd of fire and tenderness they flow;
And tho' no laurel binds my humble brow,
Tho' in my verse no inspirations glow,
Yet shall my song thy shining talents own.
And praise thy merits tho' thou art unknown.
No more of rushy Wye's pellucid stream,
Or Dellmere's grove, or Hampden's fairy shade,
Thou Lycidas alone shalt prompt the theme,
To thee be Julia's adoration paid.

June 27.

JULIA.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MISS CATHARINE ———'S ANSWER,

TO STEPHEN'S PETITION,

in the Museum of June 29.

O Stephen, O Stephen, you need not relent,
For the times you politely, intreatingly sent,
For I vow and protest they more happiness gave me
Than any thing else you could do, but to have me.

The moment they came to my hand, with surprise,
Enraptured, I lifted my hands to the skies,
And prayed the Cupid that floats in the air,
To make, if he was not, my Stephen sincere,
Ye Gods! cry'd I, with uplifted eyes,
My heart almost bursting, and breast swollen with sighs,

Ye Gods! make him true, if he is not to me;
He's the sweetest young fellow I ever did see.

O Stephen! we've ogled, you know very well,
And tho't of fine things which we never dare tell;
But thanks be to Cupid, you're fairly done over,
And frankly confessed yourself my true lover.

If but a smile will make my Stephen blest,
"And create him a paradise below,"

I'll take young Stephen to my willing breast,
And smile on him while vital spirits glow.

July 8, 1793.

CATHARINE ———.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

A SATIRE.

WHEN ribbons first in fashion came,
I took delight to laugh and blame,
And thought that men were fools,
To follow such proud, foppish rules.

But ha! ha! the scene has changed,
Proud to report the boyish news;
About the city I have ranged,
And ty'd four ribbons to my shoes.

2-n-Street, July 4.

W. R.

New-York, July 13.

IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE, received from Cape Francois, by Capt. Fanning, who arrived here on Sunday last, in 14 days.

On the 18th June, the civil commissioners, Messrs. Santhonax and Polverel, arrived at the Cape from Port-au-Prince: they immediately suspended M. Galbau, the governor and commander of the troops at that place, and sent him on board ship; on the 19th a number of mulattoes were encouraged by these gentlemen to come into the town, who, by unfair means, armed all the negroes belonging to the citizens, and encouraged them to assist in destroying the whites; which scene, it is said, actually began on the 20th about noon, when numbers were cut to pieces, others took refuge in the mountains, where, it is supposed, they have shared a similar fate to their brethren ere this: those who were more fortunate, escaped on board the shipping with what little clothes they had on: the wretches then began to plunder the town, after which they set fire to it, the conflagration instantly spread, and on the 23d, when Capt. Fanning sailed in company with about 150 sail of vessels, bound to different ports in America, under convoy of 2 French 74's and 5 frigates, who were bound as supposed to Boston or Newport, so that we may soon expect to hear of their arrival. On Saturday last he fell in with the L'Ambruscade, off Barneget, who detained him for 3 hours, and then ordered him to proceed on. Capt. Fanning's register and all his papers were burnt at the Cape.

Cape Francois was a neat well built city, the buildings chiefly of stone, said to be as large as New-York. The large church has escaped the flames being all of stone, and covered so as the fire cannot make any impression. The government house has suffered much from the cannon shot, the soldiery were still engaged in fighting in town. It is supposed that this disastrous affair proceeded entirely from the difference between the 2 commissioners, who assumed the power, and the governor, Galbau, who thought his rightful authority invaded. He headed a number of sailors from the ships, who made the first attack, and repulsed the mulattoes, but having at hand a number of negroes with arms, repulsed the sailors and whites.

It is said to be the scheme of the aristocrats, that seeing they cannot prevail by arms, they mean to destroy the trade of France to this island.

Capt. Fanning observes, that he might have carried off loads of plunder when he came away, as the inhabitants had left their houses and property to save their lives. Capt. Fanning parted with the fleet the 30th June.

The following account of the melancholy proceedings at Cape Francois, was drawn up by Capt. Jones, who arrived at Philadelphia.

On the 17th of June, as the armed mulattoes were going out to Fort Picolet, they were met by several sailors, who were in liquor, and one of them jostled against one of the men of colour; he immediately drew his dagger and wounded him; and the rest of the sailors immediately stoned them, and they flew. On the 18th a great number of men of colour came on the King's wharf, and gave them some very insolent language, which was the cause of a quarrel; the mulattoes being all armed; the sailors had to fly; they seized one of the marines belonging to one of the ships of war, and made him beg their pardon on his knees. After the above, several inhabitants who were standing in their doors, were wounded by the mulattoes—They went to enter their complaints, and received no satisfaction. On the 19th a procla-

mation was issued out by the commissioners; on the 20th, 2 hours after the sailors landed, the commissioners opened all the prisons, and let the brigands out to destroy the town and inhabitants.

June 19.—A proclamation from the two commissioners, Messrs. Santhonax and Polverel, was read, ordering all officers and seamen on board their respective vessels at 7 o'clock, P. M. They thinking it an unwarrantable proceeding, would not comply with it. An officer belonging to one of the French ships, being in a public house, was accosted in a very familiar manner by a mulatto—he gave him a push; on which he drew, and gave him a blow with his hanger on the arm. The officer then entered a complaint to the admiral, and on the same day the admiral waited on the commissioners (who were giving a concert to the people of colour) to demand satisfaction for the insult, committed upon one of the officers of the fleet under their command. The admiral was sent away without satisfaction. On the 20th in the morning, the two admirals waited a second time on the commissioners, and were sent away almost without a hearing. They then repaired on board the ships of war, and immediately ordered all the ships that were in shore of them, to remove out of the way. Three 74 gun ships then drew up in line, in order to cover the landing, if any resistance was made. At half past 3, P. M. they landed their men to the number of 2000, under the command of Gen. Galbau, who was sent as general to the island of Hispaniola, and dispossessed of his government by the commissioners (they thinking his commission not sufficient, and contrary to the laws of France.) At 4, P. M. the action began at the government house, between the commissioners party and the sailors. Previous to this they let a guard, situate in such a manner as to prevent the landing or embarking of any persons, or property.

Capt. Jones made very particular enquiry for the safety of the Americans, and is happy to inform they all escape except Messrs. Nort and Miller, of Charleston, South Carolina, who were missing. He further adds, that it is impossible to describe the distress of the unhappy inhabitants of the Cape; every buildings of consequence he saw in flames, and all the passengers by him, flew to preserve their lives.

Mention is made in the Baltimore evening post, of July 1, of intelligence being received, by way of Norfolk, that the English had taken the French Island of St. Lucie; and that Gen. Dampierre had defeated the Austrians under Saxe Cobourg and Clairfayt, near Valenciennes; having killed 4000, and took 1700 prisoners. By another account, directly to Philadelphia, we here, that the British in attempting to land a number of troops on the Island Martinique, had been repulsed and driven off, with the loss of 200 men.

Just before Capt. Oaks left Ostend, he was informed by his merchant (a gentleman of veracity) that there had been a very severe action between the English troops, commanded by the Duke of York, and a party of the French, in which the former were defeated, with the loss of 1200 men.

THE REPUBLICAN SOCIETY will meet at the usual place, on Tuesday evening next, when all the Members are earnestly requested to attend.

By order of the President.
C. HOLT, Sec'y.

A MINIATURE PICTURE.

LOST on Wednesday last, between Vandewater and Water-Street, a Miniature Picture set in Gold, with the letter D. A. S. on the back.—Whoever has found the same, and will leave it with the Printer hereof shall be handsomely rewarded.

COURT OF HYMEN.

MARRIED.

On the 27th ult. at Second River by the Rev. Unal Ogden, Mr. SAMUEL BORSALL, to Miss MARY ANN STEWART.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Morrell, Mr. BENJAMIN HOLMES, to Miss PHEBE JARVIS.

At the same time, near New Rochell, by the Rev. Mr. Moriarty, the Rev. Mr. FREEBORN GARRETTSON, to Miss CATHARINE LIVINGSTON, of this city.

On Wednesday last, at the Friends Meeting, Mr. JAMES HALLETT, jun. to Miss PHEBE CORNELL—both of this city.

DIED

On Tuesday last, Mr. SAMUEL MAGHEE of this city aged 57 years and 6 months.

New Music.

IN preparation, and will speedily be ready for delivery, a collection of the newest and most approved SONGS now singing both in London and America, among which are, those much admired songs of Mr. Dibdin's, the RARA AVIS—ROSES and LILIES—VIRTUE—and the LAMPLIGHTER, with a number of others, one of which is intended to be published every week; each song will contain three pages of music, adapted to the Piano Forte and Harpsichord, Violin, German Flute and Guitar, price 1s. the first song will be ready for delivery in a few days by the subscriber at his store No. 38, Maiden-Lane, where subscriptions will be received from those who may approve of his

PROPOSALS,

For publishing by subscription, a collection of airs with variations, for the Piano Forte, Violin, German Flute and Guitar, amongst which will be those admired variations of ROSLINE CASTLE and MALBROUK, with a few favorite songs, to form one handsome volume folio, with 30 pages music, intended as an entertaining set of lessons for the above instruments; to be delivered to the subscribers at one dollar each: as part of the plates are already finished, it will be printed as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers appear, by the public's most obedient

JAMES HARRISON.

A General Assortment of Books, Stationary and Hardware—Maps and Charts—the only store in New-York, where can be had, the

CHART of HISTORY,

By Dr. Joseph Priestly, L. L. D. F. R. S. containing a view of the principal Revolutions of Empire that have taken place in the world. 70 ff

MILLINERY.

MARY PRINCE,

No. 131-2, William-street, New-York.

HAVING procured the greatest variety of bonnets, silks, vellum and other fashionable ribbons, flatters herself she has it now in her power of serving her customers with as elegant new-fashioned bonnets as any person of her line in this city. She has now on hand the following variety.

The Union, Belvidier, Imperial Cottage, Queens Basket, Queens Village, English, Scotch Slouch, Old Ladies, Patterson, Village, Cottage, and York Bonnets of the greatest variety of colours and prices, Calashes, Cloaks, and Shades, covered Chip Hats, and Scotch Nett Caps, with a great variety of other articles in the above line too tedious to mention.

N. B. Being determined to decline the dry good business, a small quantity remaining on hand will be disposed of at prime cost, or under.

"And why," she sometimes exclaimed, "why should I hesitate any longer in so doing? Since Auguste is lost, what have I to regret in renouncing the world? What sacrifice do I make; what happiness do I resign?"

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And leaves the wretch to weep!"

I must now find some solitude, and perhaps close the evening of my life in the lap of penury: But stop, methinks some kind power bids me not despair: though I have deviated from prudence, I never have from virtue. Notwithstanding this reverse of fortune I may yet be happy; the rectitude of my heart shall be my consolation: Here she paused—Yes! it must be so. To-morrow, at Aurora's dawn, when the feathered longsters are chanting forth hymns of gratitude to the Supreme Author of the universe. I will commit myself to his care, and quit this town forever, and endeavour to blot out the remembrance of the part I have acted in it. The ruddy fingers of the morn had just unbarred the gates of light, when Euphrosyne bade adieu to the place of her birth.

The melody of the birds, the softness of the air, the universal stillness, that reigned around, spread a serenity over her mind, and calmed all her sorrows. She stopped to take a survey of the surrounding landscape. How happy, exclaimed she, are the inhabitants of yon lowly cottage, now enjoying the sweets of balmy slumbers. This is a felicity the virtuous only know! Sleep on ye children of innocence, and may your repose be uninterrupted! She finished her ejaculation with a sigh, and walked slowly forward, till she arrived at a little village, where she enquired her way to the next; and with the small remains of her fortune purchased a cottage. The lofty elm overshadowed her dwelling, and the lowly evergreen crept around her door. Here the once gay Euphrosyne, that lately shone in all the circles of the beau-monde, was obscured as in the shadowy vale; but in the vale, she was convinced that happiness does not dwell on the summit of grandeur.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO LYCIDAS.

FLATTERER, wouldst thou my vanity persuade,
That th' harmonious magic of thy strain,
Which holds the listner's soul in rapture's chain,
Has borrowed aught from Julia's feeble song,
Thy Heav'n illumin'd genius asks no aid,
But soars all bright the changeful year along,
Whether the spring of sportive zephyr born,
Or jocund summer crown'd with flowry wreaths,
Whose vivid buds the soul of fragrance breathes,
Thy muse invites, or when her golden horn
Bland Autumn fills, alike thy numbers shine,
For taste and fancy Lycidas are thine.

Dost thou describe dread winters reign,
Shrill screams the Hern across the plain,
Fast falls, in fleecy pomp, the snows,
While hoarse and loud the North wind blows.
Above our heads the morbid tempest low'rs,
The frightened moon denies her silver light,
Dark, and more dark, now closes in the night,
And the big clouds dissolve in heavy show'rs.
Heaven's sapphire vault (where in their shining spheres,

All beauteous move th' days, the months and years)
More glorious seems, when from thy sounding lyre
The cherub's music and the seraph's fire
Points to my dark and uninstructed eyes,
Where unknown worlds in shining order rise.

What art thou, say, spirit of air or earth?
For mortal never breath'd such notes divine;
Ah! no, this matchless melody of thine,
Declares that thou art of celestial birth.
But be thou Sylph that wing'st the rosy air,
Or Genii that in coral fretted cell,
Charm'd from their haunts, the Sea-Nymphs with thy shell,

Propitious bend to Julia's ardent prayer,
O let me see thee, dipp'd in Iris hues,
In mazy ringlets of refulgent gold,
Thy tresses down thy back luxuriant roll'd
Thy purple pinions dropping fragrant dews.

For oft at eve, when pensively reclin'd,
My damp locks scatter'd in the sighing wind,
When listening to the waves unceasing roar,
Or sadly musing o'er my wayward fate,
A form like this, that never bent the grass,
Soft smiling like the Angel peace would pass,
Low trembling o'er the flood, anon I'd hear,
In many a solemn swell brought to mine ear
Such notes, that all forgetful of my state,
My tortur'd bosom felt its griefs no more.

The strains were thine, full well their pow'r I know,

Compos'd of fire and tenderness they flow;
And tho' no laurel binds my humble brow,
Tho' in my verse no inspirations glow,
Yet shall my song thy shining talents own.
And praise thy merits tho' thou art unknown.
No more of rushy Wye's pellucid stream,
Or Dellmere's grove, or Hampden's fairy shade,
Thou Lycidas alone shalt prompt the theme,
To thee be Julia's adoration paid.

June 27.

JULIA.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MISS CATHARINE'S ANSWER,

TO STEPHEN'S PETITION,

in the Museum of June 29.

O Stephen, O Stephen, you need not relent,
For the lines you politely, intreatingly sent,
For I vow and protest they more happiness gave me
Than any thing else you could do, but to have me.

The moment they came to my hand, with surprise,
Ecstasied, I lifted my hands to the skies,
And prayed the Cupid that floats in the air,
To make, if he was not, my Stephen sincere,
Ye Gods! cry'd I, with uplifted eyes,
My heart almost bursting, and breast swollen with sighs,

Ye Gods! make him true, if he is not to me;
He's the sweetest young fellow I ever did see.

O Stephen! we've ogled, you know very well,
And tho't of fine things which we never dare tell;
But thanks be to Cupid, you're fairly done over,
And frankly confessed yourself my true lover.

If but a smile will make my Stephen blest,
"And create him a paradise below,"
I'll take young Stephen to my willing breast,
And smile on him while vital spirits glow.

July 8, 1793.

CATHARINE

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

A SATIRE.

WHEN ribbons first in fashion came,
I took delight to laugh and blame,
And thought that men were fools,
To follow such proud, foppish rules.

But ha! ha! the scene has changed,
Proud to report the boyish news;
About the city I have ranged,
And ty'd four ribbons to my shoes.

2-n-Street, July 4.

W. R.

New-York, July 13.

IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE, received from Cape Francois, by Capt. Fanning, who arrived here on Sunday last, in 14 days.

On the 18th June, the civil commissioners, Messrs. Santhonax and Polverel, arrived at the Cape from Port-au-Prince: they immediately suspended M. Galbau, the governor and commander of the troops at that place, and sent him on board ship; on the 19th a number of mulattoes were encouraged by these gentlemen to come into the town, who, by unfair means, armed all the negroes belonging to the citizens, and encouraged them to assist in destroying the whites; which scene, it is said, actually began on the 20th about noon, when numbers were cut to pieces, others took refuge in the mountains, where, it is supposed, they have shared a similar fate to their brethren ere this: those who were more fortunate, escaped on board the shipping with what little clothes they had on: the wretches then began to plunder the town, after which they set fire to it, the conflagration instantly spread, and on the 23d, when Capt. Fanning failed in company with about 150 sail of vessels, bound to different ports in America, under convoy of 2 French 74's and 5 frigates, who were bound as supposed to Bolton or Newport, so that we may soon expect to hear of their arrival. On Saturday last he fell in with the L'Ambuscade, off Barneгат, who detained him for 3 hours, and then ordered him to proceed on. Capt. Fanning's register and all his papers were burnt at the Cape.

Cape Francois was a neat well built city, the buildings chiefly of stone, said to be as large as New-York. The large church has escaped the flames being all of stone, and covered so as the fire cannot make any impression. The government house has suffered much from the cannon shot, the soldiery were still engaged in fighting in town. It is supposed that this disastrous affair proceeded entirely from the difference between the 2 commissioners, who assumed the power, and the governor, Galbau, who thought his rightful authority invaded. He headed a number of sailors from the ships, who made the first attack, and repulsed the mulattoes, but having at hand a number of negroes with arms, repulsed the sailors and whites.

It is said to be the scheme of the aristocrats, that seeing they cannot prevail by arms, they mean to destroy the trade of France to this island.

Capt. Fanning observes, that he might have carried off loads of plunder when he came away, as the inhabitants had left their houses and property to save their lives. Capt. Fanning parted with the fleet the 30th June.

The following account of the melancholy proceedings at Cape Francois, was drawn up by Capt. Jones, who arrived at Philadelphia.

On the 17th of June, as the armed mulattoes were going out to Fort Picolet, they were met by several sailors, who were in liquor, and one of them jostled against one of the men of colour; he immediately drew his dagger and wounded him; and the rest of the sailors immediately stoned them, and they flew. On the 18th a great number of men of colour came on the King's wharf, and gave them some very insolent language, which was the cause of a quarrel; the mulattoes being all armed; the sailors had to fly; they seized one of the marines belonging to one of the ships of war, and made him beg their pardon on his knees. After the above, several inhabitants who were standing in their doors, were wounded by the mulattoes:—They went to enter their complaints, and received no satisfaction. On the 19th a procla-

mation was issued out by the commissaries; on the 20th, 2 hours after the sailors landed, the commissaries opened all the prisons, and let the brigands out to destroy the town and inhabitants.

June 19.—A proclamation from the two commissaries, Messrs. Santhonax and Polverel, was read, ordering all officers and seamen on board their respective vessels at 7 o'clock, P. M. They thinking it an unwarrantable proceeding, would not comply with it. An officer belonging to one of the French ships, being in a public house, was accosted in a very familiar manner by a mulatto—he gave him a push; on which he drew, and gave him a blow with his hanger on the arm. The officer then entered a complaint to the admiral, and on the same day the admirals waited on the commissaries (who were giving a concert to the people of colour) to demand satisfaction for the insult, committed upon one of the officers of the fleet under their command. The admirals were sent away without satisfaction. On the 20th in the morning, the two admirals waited a second time on the commissaries, and were sent away almost without a hearing. They then repaired on board the ships of war, and immediately ordered all the ships that were in shore of them, to remove out of the way. Three 74 gun ships then drew up in line, in order to cover the landing, if any resistance was made. At half past 3, P. M. they landed their men to the number of 2000, under the command of Gen. Galbau, who was sent as general to the island of Hispaniola, and dispossessed of his government by the commissaries (they thinking his commission not sufficient, and contrary to the laws of France.) At 4, P. M. the action began at the government house, between the commissaries party and the sailors. Previous to this they let a guard, situate in such a manner as to prevent the landing or embarking of any persons, or property.

Capt. Jones made very particular enquiry for the safety of the Americans, and is happy to inform they all escape except messrs. Nort and Miller, of Charleston, South Carolina, who were missing. He further adds, that it is impossible to describe the distress of the unhappy inhabitants of the Cape; every buildings of consequence he saw in flames, and all the passengers by him, flew to preserve their lives.

Mention is made in the Baltimore evening post, of July 1, of intelligence being received, by way of Norfolk, that the English had taken the French Island of St. Lucie; and that Gen. Dampierre had defeated the Austrians under Saxe Cobourg and Clairfayt, near Valenciennes; having killed 4000, and took 1700 prisoners. By another account, directly to Philadelphia, we hear, that the British in attempting to land a number of troops on the Island Martinique, had been repulsed and driven off, with the loss of 200 men.

Just before Capt. Oaks left Ostend, he was informed by his merchant (a gentleman of veracity) that there had been a very severe action between the English troops, commanded by the Duke of York, and a party of the French, in which the former were defeated, with the loss of 1200 men.

THE REPUBLICAN SOCIETY will meet at the usual place, on Tuesday evening next, when all the Members are earnestly requested to attend.

By order of the President.

C. HOLT, Sec'y.

A MINIATURE PICTURE.

LOST on Wednesday last, between Vandewater and Water-Street, a Miniature Picture set in Gold, with the letter D. A. S. on the back.—Whoever has found the same, and will leave it with the Printer hereof shall be handsomely rewarded.

COURT OF HYMEN.

MARRIED.

On the 27th ult. at Second River by the Rev. Uzal Ogden, Mr. SAMUEL BORSALL, to Miss MARY ANN STEWART.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Morrell, Mr. BENJAMIN HOLMES, to Miss PHERE JARVIS.

At the same time, near New Rochell, by the Rev. Mr. Merriam, the Rev. Mr. FREEBORN GARRETTSON, to Miss CATHARINE LIVINGSTON, of this city.

On Wednesday last, at the Friends Meeting, Mr. JAMES HALLETT, jun. to Miss PHERE CORNELL—both of this city.

DIED.

On Tuesday last, Mr. SAMUEL MAGHEE of this city aged 57 years and 6 months.

New Music.

IN preparation, and will speedily be ready for delivery, a collection of the newest and most approved SONGS now singing both in London and America, amongst which are, those much admired songs of Mr. Dibdin's, the RARA AVIS—ROSES and LILIES—VIRTUE—and the LAMPLIGHTER, with a number of others, one of which is intended to be published every week; each song will contain three pages of music, adapted to the Piano Forte and Harpsichord, Violin, German Flute and Guitar, price 1s. the first song will be ready for delivery in a few days by the subscriber at his store No. 38, Maiden-Lane, where subscriptions will be received from those who may approve of his

PROPOSALS.

For publishing by subscription, a collection of airs with variations, for the Piano Forte, Violin, German Flute and Guitar, amongst which will be those admired variations of ROSLINE CASTLE and MALBROUX, with a few favorite songs, to form one handsome volume folio, with 30 pages music, intended as an entertaining set of lessons for the above instruments; to be delivered to the subscribers at one dollar each; as part of the plates are already finished, it will be printed as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers appear, by the public's most obedient

JAMES HARRISON.

A General Assortment of Books, Stationary and Hardware—Maps and Charts—the only store in New-York, where can be had, the

CHART OF HISTORY.

By Dr. Joseph Priestly, L. L. D. F. R. S. containing a view of the principal Revolutions of Empire that have taken place in the world. 70 ts

MILLINERY.

MARY PRINCE,

No. 13 1-2, William-street, New-York.

HAVING procured the greatest variety of bonnets, silks, vellum and other fashionable ribbons, flatters herself she has it now in her power of serving her customers with as elegant new-fashioned bonnets as any person of her line in this city. She has now on hand the following variety.

The Union, Belvidier, Imperial Cottage, Queens Basket, Queens Village, English, Scotch Slouch, Old Ladies, Patterson, Village, Cottage, and York Bonnets of the greatest variety of colours and prices, Calashes, Cloaks, and Shades, covered Chip Hats, and Scotch Nett Caps, with a great variety of other articles in the above line too tedious to mention.

N. B. Being determined to decline the dry good business, a small quantity remaining on hand will be disposed of at prime cost, or under.

The Moralist.

ENJOY the PRESENT TIME.

HAPPINESS is the centre to which all the actions of men are aiming. If, reasoning from analogy, we take into consideration the exalted station in which man is fixed, above all the rest of the creation, we shall be led to believe that he was placed here for rational enjoyments. For this purpose, he is endued with an intelligent mind, capable of endless progress; of forming just conceptions of the objects which surround him; from tracing them from their effect to their efficient cause, and of turning them to his use and pleasure. The wants of nature are few; and of every want nature has furnished man with ample means of obtaining a supply. Why then is not man happy? Because he forsakes the plain track which nature has marked out for him. He seeks felicity where it is not to be found. He views his condition and circumstances in life through a false medium, and therefore seldom enjoys them as he might. He who possesses his thousands discovers no more heart-felt contentment than the beggarly child of charity. Few there are who are satisfied and easy, however eligible their situation. Daily experience evinces the truth of this observation. That the gains of to-day, only double the thirst for the acquisitions of to-morrow.

NATHANIEL SMITH,

BECS leave to recommend his incomparable Beautifying **CAKES** for making **SHINING LIQUID BLACKING** for Carriages, Chair Bottoms, Shoes, Boots, &c. or any kind of Leather requiring beautiful black jet shining gloss. Made and Sold Wholesale and Retail for exportation by him at his Perfume Manufactory, from London, the Role, No. 42, Hanover-Square, New-York. Price one shilling each Cake.

The above blacking has this farther good quality, that it won't soil the fingers in putting on, nor the stocking in wearing; for if a blacking brush is not hand, a cloths brush may be used, and not the least soil will come off on the most delicate cloth after it.

Shagreen cases, made for miniature pictures, and all other kinds of jewellery. Travelling trunks of all sizes ready made. Hair powder, soft and hard pomatum. Tortoise shell, horn, and ivory combs of all kinds. Razors, scissors and pen knives. Tooth brushes and tooth powder. Shoe brushes and buckel do. Milk of roses, face powder and rouge. Wash balls of all kinds. Essence of lemon, bergamot, lavender, roses and jessamin. Lavender water, with all other kinds of perfumery. Lip salve of roses, cold cream, marshall powder. Razor straps, powder puffs, black pins, hat do. Court plaster, hair ribbon, smelling bottles. Bear's grease, Smith's pomade de graine to make the hair grow. Windsor soap, shaving boxes and brushes, dressing boxes and shaving do.

Ladies drets and half drets cushions, curls, and braids, ready made, or made to any pattern, with a great assortment of long hair for sale; with all the best kinds of hair powder, both scented and plain.

Masters of vessels and store keepers supplied as usual, wholesale and retail, with the best article, in the branches of, perfumery good and cheap.

HARDWARE STORE.

WILLIAM V WAGENEN has removed his store to No. 61, Water Street, between Beekman and Burling Slip, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually executed.

PAINTING, GILDING and GLAZING.

No. 43, Smith-Street.

THE Subscriber returns his thanks to his friends and the public for their generous encouragement in the line of his business.

SHIP and HOUSE PAINTING, done with neatness and dispatch.

Ornamental Painting, & signs elegantly executed. N. B. Four or five **JOURNEYMEN** wanted, who can be recommended, for House Painting and Glazing. **JOHN VANDER POOL.**

TIMPSON and GILMOR,

Cabinet and Chair Makers, No. 18 and 19, Great Dock Street, between Coenties and Old-Slip, New-York.

BECS leave to inform their friends and the public in general, that they have commenced business together, to carry on the Cabinet and Chair making business in all its various branches.

They take this method of returning their sincere thanks to their friends and the public in general, for their generous, and hope for a further continuance of their favors, as they shall endeavor to meet their approbation.

They likewise carry on the Windsor Chair-Making in all its branches.

Orders from the Country will be carefully attended to and thankfully received.

N. B. Two or three Journeymen are wanted at the above business. None need apply but good workmen. **June 29.** 68.

KNITTING COTTON.

Of the **BETHLEHEM MANUFACTORY**, just arrived and for sale by

ROBERT M'MENOMY,

No. 82, William Street,

WHO respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has purchased the store of Goods of Mr. Henry Ten Brook, and added thereto a general assortment of reasonable fancy articles, which will be disposed of by the piece or yard, at the most reduced prices, for Cash.

He solicits the continuance of Mr. Ten Brook's former customers, and assures them every attention shall be paid to their orders, and dealt with on the same principles. **June 29** if

Seabury Champlin & Edward Burling,

Under the Firm of

CHAMPLIN and BURLING,

No. 53 Beekman-Street,

TAKE the liberty of soliciting the favours of their particular friends, and of the Public in general. They carry on the Cabinet Making business in all its branches, and have in their Ware Room, a variety of Fashionable and well made Mahogany Furniture, which they will sell on the most reasonable terms.

N. B. Particular orders will be attended to in such a manner as to merit future favours.

New-York, 22d. June, 1793. 67. if

American Manufacture.

BLACK LEAD POTS,

Equal to any imported and cheaper.

BACK LEAD, both coarse and fine, for the purpose of blackening Franklin Stoves, and irons with brass heads, Plains of various sorts good Glue, Brands, of copper or cast iron, of any description, Screw Augers, Pots, Kettles, Griddles, Pye Pans, iron Tea Kettles, wool and cotton Cards, &c.—Also, a general assortment of **IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.**

Lately imported, and will be disposed of on reasonable terms, by

GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN,

No. 2, Beekman-Slip.

SUPERFINE CLOTHS.

Imported in the Ship Peter, Captain Haffey, Best London Superfine Broad Cloths, Among which are the most fashionable mixtures,

Also by the latest Spring Vessels,

Navy blue, dark and light do. green drabs, pearls, lead, slate, browns, dark, snuff, black and ravens grey, and a variety of very handsome mixtures and trimmings, suitable for the above.

Cassimeres of different colours milled and plain,

Vest patterns of different kinds,

Mullins tamboured with gold, silver and silk,

Silk Florentine of a superior quality,

Striped Nankeens and India do.

for sale by

CALEB HAVILAND,

Taylor, No 13, Goldenhill Street.

Who returns his sincere thanks to those who have favoured him with their custom; and now assures them and the public in general, that he is furnished with cloths and trimmings of a superior quality, and is determined to sell them at as reasonable a rate as any person can afford in this city.

JAMAICA STAGE.

THE Subscriber, begs leave to inform the Public in general and his former Customers in particular, that he has furnished himself with an **ELEGANT COACHEE**, with good horses and careful driver, sufficiently large for six passengers, which he intends to run as a Stage from Jamaica to Brooklyn Ferry, every day in the week (Sundays excepted.) To start from his house in Jamaica, at seven o'clock in the morning, and to return from Mr. Allen's at Brooklyn Ferry, at four o'clock in the afternoon, at the moderate price of two shillings and sixpence each passenger.—Seats may be taken at Mr. Vanderbilts (formerly Wilkins's) Fly-Market, Ferry-Stairs.

Those Ladies and Gentleman, who please to favour him with their Custom may rely on every exertion to render the Stage agreeable.

WILLIAM WARNE.

N. B. Letters and News-papers for customers carried gratis.

Jamaica, (L. I.) July 9, 1793.

JOHN A. HON ON,

Packer of Beef and Pork,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Public, that he has provided every convenience for the repacking of Beef and Pork, on Palmers Wharf, two doors from Peck-Slip, where vessels can come close to the Wharf to deliver and take in, at very little expence.—Those that please to employ him may depend on the strictest attention and best endeavors to give satisfaction.

New York, July 6.

69. 6m.

CORNWELL and MARTIN,

From Birmingham,

RESPECTFULLY inform their Friends and the Public in general, they have established a manufactory, for gilt and plated Buttons, at Corlears Hook, New-York, where they intend carrying on the business in all its branches.—All orders will be punctually attended to, and executed with elegance and dispatch, upon the lowest terms. **July 6.**

WANTED to purchase, a Black Girl about 17 or 18 years of age, who understands all kinds of house work:—Such a one that can be well recommended will meet with a generous price Enquire of the Printer.

PRINTING

In General, executed at this Office with neatness accuracy and dispatch, on terms as reasonable as any in this City.